

# In Recital

**Lindsay Schneider, soprano**

assisted by

**Sylvia Shadick-Taylor, piano**

**Friday, March 26, 2004 at 8:00 pm**



**Arts Building  
University of Alberta**



DEPARTMENT OF  
**MUSIC**



## Program

From *St. Matthew's Passion* (1727)  
'Blute Nur'

Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

Exsultate Jubilate, (1773)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Sabrina Steed, violin I  
Melissa Hemsworth, violin II  
Andrea Kipp, viola  
Katie Pollock, cello

La Coccinelle  
Douce Mer  
Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe  
Chanson D'avril

Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

## Intermission

From *Faust* (1859)  
'Oh Dieu!... Ah! je ris de me voir'

Charles Gounod  
(1818-1893)

Vier Lieder, Op. 2, No. 4  
Erwartung  
Jesus Bettelt  
Erhebung  
Waldsonne

Arnold Schoenberg  
(1874-1951)

Over the Rim of the Moon  
The Ships of Arcady  
Beloved  
The Blackbird Singing  
Nocturne

Michael Head  
(1900-1976)

From *Die Fledermaus* (1874)  
'Mein Herr Marquis'

Johann Strauss  
(1825-1899)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Schneider.

Ms Schneider is a recipient of a Leeder Memorial Scholarship for Voice, a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Undergraduate) and a Peace River Memorial Scholarship.

Reception to follow.

## Translations

### Blute Nur

Bleed away, O thou my heart!  
Ah, a child which thou hast nurtured,  
Which at thine own breast hath suckled,  
Bodes his keeper now to murder,  
For it hath become a serpent.

### Exsultate Jubilate,

Rejoice, resound with joy,  
o you blessed souls,  
rejoice, resound with joy,  
singing sweet songs.  
In response to your singing  
let the heavens sing forth with me.

The friendly day shines forth,  
both clouds and storms have fled now;  
for the righteous there has arisen an unexpected calm.  
Dark night reigned everywhere [before];  
arise, happy at last, you who feared till now,  
and joyful for this lucky dawn  
give garlands and lilies with full right hand.  
You, o crown of virgins,  
grant us peace,  
console our feelings,  
from which our hearts sigh.  
Alleluja.

### La Coccinelle (The Ladybird)

She said to me: "Something's bothering me."  
And I saw her snow white neck, and on it  
a small rose-coloured insect.  
I should- but right or wrong,  
at sixteen one is shy-  
have seen the kiss on her lips  
more than the insect on her neck.

Like a shell it shone;  
red back speckled with black.  
the warblers, to catch a glimpse of us,  
craned their necks in the branches.

Her fresh mouth was there:  
I leaned over the lovely girl,  
and picked up the ladybird,  
but... the kiss flew away!

### La Coccinelle (The Ladybird), cont'd

"Son, learn my name",  
said the insect from the blue sky.  
"Creatures belong to our good Lord,  
but only men behave like cretins.

Text by Victor Hugo

### Douce Mer (Kind Sea)

Murmur around my boat,  
tranquil sea whose dear waves,  
like a faithful lover,  
throw an eternal plaint  
over her poetic debris.

How I like to float upon your swell,  
at the hour when, from the top of the rock  
the orange tree, the bountiful vine,  
pour upon your deep wave  
an opportune shadow for the helmsman!

Often, in my skiff without oars,  
trusting in your love,  
as if to assuage my soul,  
I close my weary day-time gaze  
to the din of your breakers.

Text by A de Lamartine

### Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe (The Arabian Hostess's farewell)

Since nothing will keep you in this happy land,  
neither the shade of the palm, nor the yellow corn,  
nor repose, not abundance,  
nor, in the evenings, seeing the young breast  
of our sisters, at the sound of your voice, beating, whose  
whirling swarm  
crowns a hillside with its dance,

Farewell, handsome traveller! Oh! Why are you not of those  
who confine their lazy feet  
to their roof of branches or of canvas,  
who, dreamers, without a care, listen to the tales,  
and wish, at evening, seated before their door,  
to depart for the stars!

Had you so wished it perhaps one of us,  
o young man, would have liked to serve you kneeling  
in our ever open huts;  
she would have made, while rocking your sleep with her songs,  
a fan of green leaves with which to chase  
the evil flies from your brow.



**Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe (The Arabian Hostess's farewell)**

If you do not return, think a little from time to time  
of the girls of the desert, sweet voiced sisters,  
who dance bare-foot upon the dune;  
o handsome young white man, beautiful migratory bird,  
remember, for perhaps, o restless stranger,  
your memory lingers with more than one!

Text by Victor Hugo

**Chanson D'avril (April Song)**

Get up! Get up! Spring is just new born.  
Yonder above the valleys floats a vermillion space.  
Everything is quivering in the garden, all is singing, and  
your window,  
like a joyful glance, is full of sun.

Over there, by the lilacs with their violet clusters,  
flies and butterflies buzz together;  
and the wild lily-of-the-valley, swaying its little bells,  
has woken love, asleep in the woods.

Since April has sown its white daisies,  
leave aside your heavy coat and your cosy muff;  
already the bird is calling you, and your sisters the periwinkles  
will smile at you in the grass on seeing your blue eyes.

Come, lets go! In the morning the spring is more limpid;  
let us not wait for the burning heats of daytime,  
I want to wet my feet in the moist dew,  
and to talk to you of love beneath the flowering pear  
trees!

Text by Louis Bouilhet

**Oh Dieu! . . . Ah! je ris de me voir (The Jewel Song)**

Ah! What Jewels!  
Is this a pleasant dream overcoming me?  
My eyes have never seen such riches.  
If I just put on these earrings . . .  
Here's the very thing, a mirror!  
How not to be a coquet?  
Ah, I laugh to see myself  
so beautiful in this mirror,  
Is it you, Marguerite, it is you?  
Answer me, answer me,  
Respond, respond, respond quickly!  
No No! it's no longer you!  
No...no, it's no longer your face;  
It's the daughter of a king,  
It's no longer you . . .  
One must bow to her as she passes!  
Ah if only he were here!

**Oh Dieu! . . . Ah! je ris de me voir (The Jewel Song)**  
cont'd.

If he should see me thus  
Like a lady  
He would find me so beautiful, Ah! a lady,  
He would find me beautiful!  
Let's complete the metamorphosis,  
I am late yet in trying on  
The bracelet and the necklace!  
God! it's like a hand  
Which is placed on my arm! Ah, ah!  
Ah, I laugh  
to see myself so beautiful in this mirror!

**Erwartung (Expectation)**

From the sea-green pond by the village  
The moon shines under the dying oak  
Where its dark reflection grips the water  
There stands a man and strokes a ring from his hand  
Three opals shimmer; through the pale stones red and  
green sparks swim and then sink  
He kisses it and his eyes light up as the sea green water:  
A window opens  
From the red villa near the dying oak  
Waves to him a pale women's hand

**Jesus Bettelt (Jesus Begg)**

Give me your golden comb  
Every morning you must remember, that you kiss my  
hair.  
Give me the silky sponge  
Each night I need to know, for whom you prepare the  
bath,  
O Maria! O Maria!

Give me all that thou hast  
My soul is without vanity  
I will proudly receive your blessing  
Give me your greatest burden  
Do you not wish to lay your heart,  
Your heart on me Magdalena?

**Erhebung (Elevation)**

Give me your hand  
 Only the finger,  
 Then I'll see this whole earth  
 As my own!

O how my land blooms  
 Just look at me  
 That I might take you over the clouds  
 Into the sun.

**Waldsonne (The Sun in the Forest)**

During the brown, tumultuous night  
 From within a candle flickers,  
 A thunderous glare.

Flowers and grass bloom  
 With the singing, springing streams of the forest  
 and memories,  
 After a long rest, your songs of joy refresh and awake  
 anew.

I see your golden hair shine  
 And I see your golden eyes shine  
 in the green nights rank with thunderous murders  
 I seem to lie next to you on the grass  
 And hear you again playing from your syrinx

In the pale reflections of blue skies  
 During the brown, tumultuous night  
 From within a candle flickers,  
 A golden light.

Translation by Jordan Schneider

**Mein Herr Marquis (My dear Marquis)**

My dear Marquis, why must you be,  
 So loyal throughout your hours?  
 When you stop and stare  
 Take a lot more care  
 And close this road to lies.

My fingers, my ankles, my feet.  
 Ha ha ha ha ha  
 How shapely and trim and petite.  
 Ha ha ha ha ha  
 Both accent and inflection,  
 She'll polish to perfection.  
 Such graces,  
 Are the traces of her old elite.  
 Such graces,  
 Are the traces of her old elite.

**Mein Herr Marquis (My dear Marquis)**

(cont'd)

I marvel how a man like you,  
 Could fail to see my match burns for you.  
 What a friendly, ha ha ha  
 Situation, ha ha ha  
 What a startling, ha ha ha  
 Information, ha ha ha ha ha  
 What a friendly, ha ha ha  
 Situation, ha ha ha haaaa aaaa aaa aaaa  
 Ahhhh aaahhhhhh  
 Marquis I want to like you.

Proof as they say,  
 Gave the game away.  
 Quaint fold with closing grace.

If the head on you,  
 Isn't much to you,  
 Then who can't face thine face.

What evidence, small cafe meet, ha ha ha ha ha  
 I sing at suarees at your feet.  
 Bestowing my attention  
 With lofty condescension.  
 Such graces,  
 Are the traces of a pedigree.  
 Such graces,  
 Are the traces of a pedigree.

As want to you that I'm afraid  
 Because you love a parliament.  
 What a friendly, ha ha ha  
 Situation, ha ha ha  
 What a startling, ha ha ha  
 Revelation, ha ha ha ha ha

What a friendly, ha ha ha  
 Situation, ha ha ha haaaa aaaa aaa aaaaa





## Upcoming Events

### March

27 Saturday, 7:00 pm

#### University of Alberta

##### Symphonic Wind Ensemble

with Northern Alberta Honor Band

William H Street, Director

Program will include works by Holst, Anderson, Dahn,

Rhoades, Hanson, and Ticheli. Free admission

28 Saturday, 2:00 pm

Master of Music Lecture Recital

#### Shelagh Scott, piano

The Golden Thread and the Silver String:

The Influence of Folk Music in the Songs and Piano Music of the  
Anglo-Irish Composer, Ernest John Moeran

Studio 27

Free admission

28 Sunday, 8:00 pm

#### University Symphony Orchestra

with University of Alberta

Madrigal Singers

and University of Alberta

Concert Choir

Tanya Prochazka, Conductor

featuring

Johannes Brahms *Schicksalslied*, Op 54 for choir and orchestra  
(1868)

Ludwig van Beethoven *Piano Concerto*

*No 4 in G Major*, Op 58 (1808)

Soloist **Bianca Baci**

Edward Elgar *Enigma Variations*,

Op 36 (1898)

Anton Bruckner *Psalm 150* (1892)

Winspear Centre for Music

Admission: \$10/student/senior, \$15/adult

For ticket information, please contact the Winspear Centre at  
428-1414

29 Monday, 12:00 pm

#### Noon Hour Organ Recital

The recital presents a variety of organ  
repertoire played by students, faculty  
and guests of the University of Alberta

Free admission

29 Monday, 8:00 pm

New Music Series

Visiting Artists

#### QUASAR Electrochocs

New works for saxophones and live electronics

30 Tuesday, 5:00 pm

*Hear's to your Health* Concert Series

Martin Riseley, violin

Tanya Prochazka, cello

Patricia Tao, piano

Chamber music concert featuring the *Piano Trios* of  
Russian composers Alfred Schnittke and Sergei  
Rachmaninoff

Foyer to Bernard Snell Hall, Walter Mackenzie  
Health Sciences Centre

Free admission

31 Wednesday, 4:00 pm

Student Composers Concert 1

New music by University of Alberta Student  
Composers (Music 260)

Studio 27, Fine Arts Building

Free admission

31 Wednesday, 4:30 pm

Master of Music Recital

Gary Tong, organ

Venue: TBA

For more information, please call

492-9145

Unless otherwise indicated

Admission: \$5/student/senior, \$10/adult

Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta

**Please note:** All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).

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